My Evening Song

Air by Haydn
Arr. G. & M. Dooley

Words by Matthew Flinders, 1805

Adagio

1. Why Henry did'st thou leave me, thus leave me here to mourn. Ah cruel thou deceiv'']=st me, I'll ne'er see thy return.

Thou know'st how much I loved thee, yet could resolve to go. My grief could nothing move thee, though I was sunk in woe.

2. Yet why do I thus blame thee, alas thou could'st not stay.
For when stern duty calls thee, thou canst not but obey
Thy looks bespoke the anguish, the struggle in thy breast
Though now apart we languish, together will our hearts find rest.

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